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# UA68/6/1 Zephyrus

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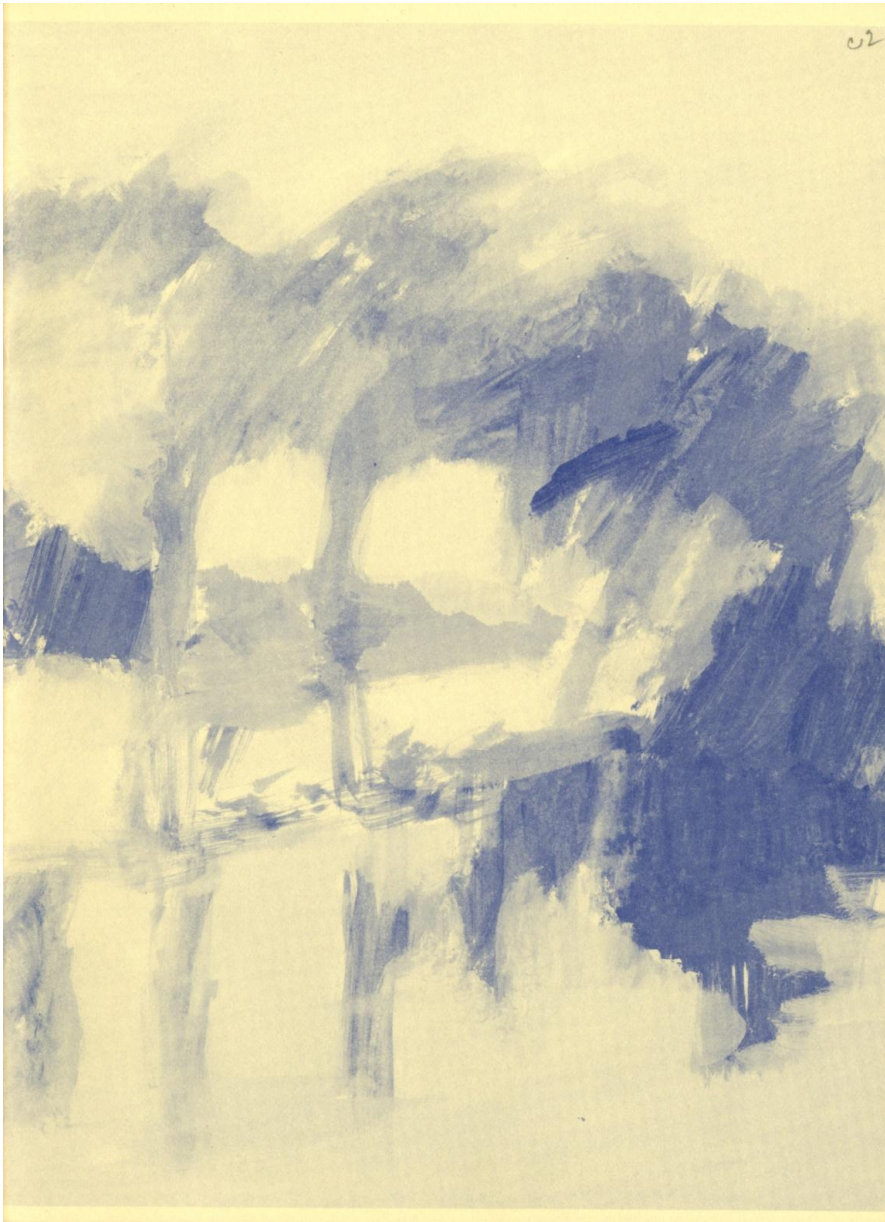
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Zephyrus, Spring 1970

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# ***ZEPHYRUS***

SPRING 1970





# ALONE-

I listened to the clumsy sounds  
Of life-and  
Heard echoing footsteps  
Of a friend walking away.

*Karen Stewart*

I sometimes wonder  
if that little hippie  
who died on  
Cheap Wine Street  
ever found himself.

*Jim Worth*

# CHARMED LADY

She was a fine lady-soft  
Not to be discussed in barroom drivel.  
Until the snake grew from the Charmer's Basket  
and she spread her legs for the flute  
only to be bronzed in that position and  
hung from a bracelet

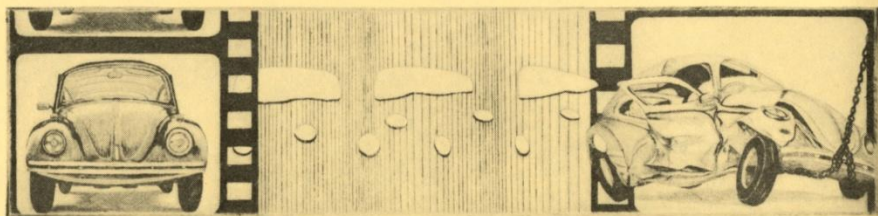
*David Rowans*

# REALITY?

A cool, Cloud-blue English morn  
Alive with the flutter and twitter  
Of birds, high in the heads of rustling trees,  
But not quite covering the roar of highway cars.

*Jan Scarbrough*





#### THE SLIGHTLY FRIGHTENING WORLD OF MARTIN FLOWERS

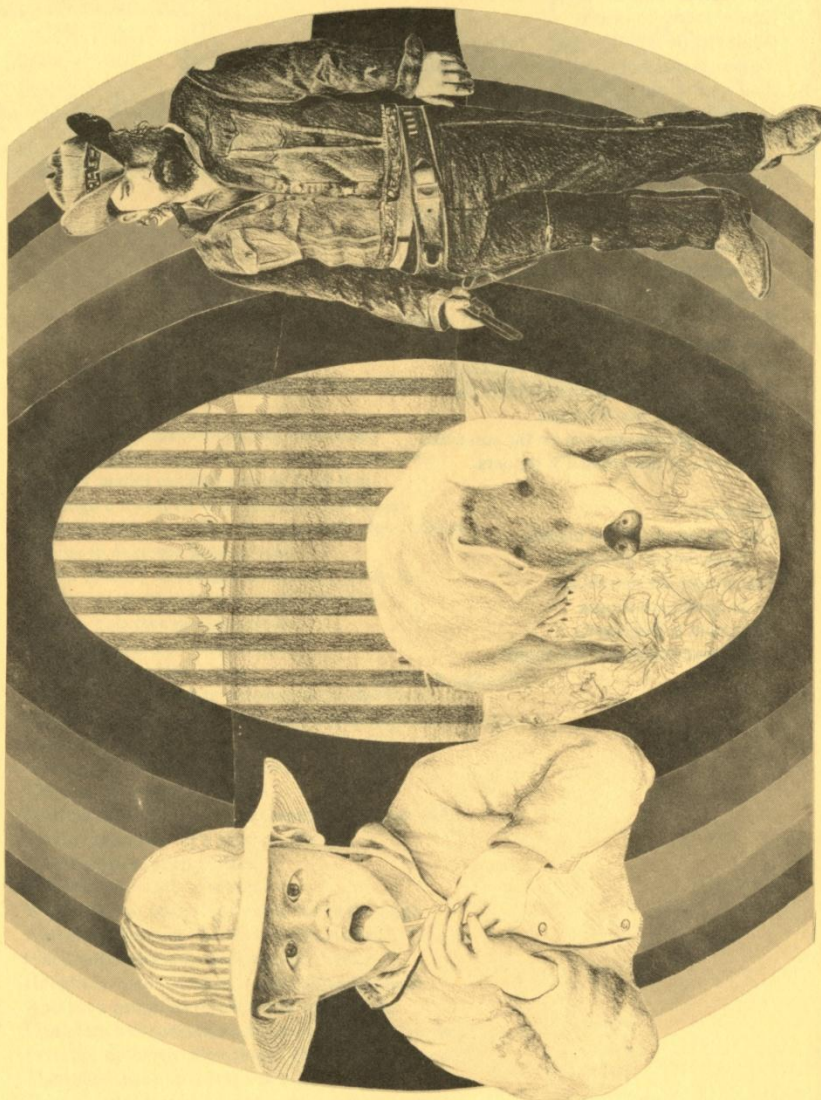
The smog of charcoal-charred hamburger  
 Divides the legions of faceless young executives  
 As they march in conformistic lock step  
 Through a forest of bent television antennas.  
 Slack-jawed housewives wearing purple hair curlers  
 Charge in armored grocery carts  
 Down rows of screaming Campbell's Soup cans.  
 Fords and Buicks clash in mortal combat,  
 Axle to axle like mating griffins,  
 While lean hungry Volkswagons  
 Wait to devour the victor.  
 Wild-eyed pure-blonde All-American children  
 Splash through a syrupy sea of pre-sweetened Kool-Aide  
 Towards a battery-powered, plastic Utopia  
 Yelling, "It's Mattel, it's swell!"  
 They're cut down by a band  
 Of freckled brunett moppets armed with cap-guns  
 Softly crooning, "It's Kenner, it's fun!"  
 A few whites lynch a black  
 A few blacks knife a white  
 While the vast majority merely turns the page  
 And chuckles over "Little Orphan Annie."  
 Filled with righteous indignation, Youth  
 Haughtily turns its back on the Establishment  
 And then proceeds to crest one of its own,  
 Complete with costumes, by-laws, and secret signs.  
 Proudly, defiantly they flaunt their independence  
 Then slink back to a litter-carpeted room  
 To pick up the weekly check from their parents.

The marble lions in front of the library  
 Slowly starve to death  
 While the people throng to "Adults Only" movies  
 To watch plastic people performing cellophane sex  
 And munch old buttered popcorn.  
 Computers click, punch cards fall.  
 Time clocks are hit by pale grey hands  
 As four million identical sports cars  
 Driven by four million identical men  
 Leave four million identical parking spaces.  
 The minds are dull, the senses are sapped  
 As transistorized people with marshmallow souls  
 March on legs of melting chocolate  
 Past sooty glass cages and cardboard towers.  
 Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band  
 Is skewered by a copy of 16 Magazine  
 As industrious idiots turn Rembrants  
 Into spools of No. 9 thread.  
 Electric lights stagger on as the sun sinks  
 Into a sea of discarded TV dinners.

Epilogue  
 And the masks of the masses  
 Ooze honey and slime.  
 The people are marching  
 In syncopated time.  
 The poem is forgotten,  
 All that matters is the rhyme.

*Thomas E. Fuller*





## A CASE OF IDENTITY

by  
Bob Cox

It was nearly 1:00 that afternoon when Bishop Shekly strolled out of his impressive building. It was a very good day, for he had just received the final tally from the day's offerings. He had to admit it was a rather convincing, even inspiring sermon he had just given his people this morning. It was the sort of day that he could almost believe he had been inspired.

Truly it was a great thing he had been called to do with his life; saving the poor, the wretched, consoling the weeping and acting as the guiding light to thousands. He was sure many people must pray nightly that he should be especially blessed for his greatness.

Tossing his leather bound black book into the back seat, he started for home. It wasn't until he switched on his radio that he heard the news.

"Repeating that story...It is now officially confirmed that an alien ship has landed in southern Missouri. Intelligent beings who claim to be from another star system have emerged from it and are in the process of establishing friendly relations with men. They say they come on a mission of peace as advance emissaries from their people. Details are not yet in, but a major talk with the President and other planetary leaders is now in the planning."

As the announcement continued, it turned into speculation, but the facts themselves were enough. Shekly, shocked almost beyond belief, anxiously raced home to discuss the matter with his wife.

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"Imagine Rita, beings from another planet. Imagine!", he repeated for the

twenty-fourth time that hour. "Its incredible. What are they like? What can their culture hold for us in the future? Their science and technology must be far advanced."

"Their religion," added his pretty wife. "Yes, what of that?"

Caught off guard, Shekly considered the matter furiously for a long moment. He was not exactly sure what he should say, but his wife's expectant expression made it obvious he had better say something. He was, he reminded himself, the chief bishop of the sector. "Well," he finally said as convincingly as he could, "We will just have to see what their religion is. Possibly the good Lord has visited them also. Why, they might even share our same religious beliefs." Yes...he assured himself, that is quite possible. But even as he assured himself, he doubted it.

Shekly studied the facts carefully most of the afternoon in solitude. As one of the most prominent men in the world, in the fields of sociology and religion, he knew that a statement would soon be required him as to his opinion of the situation. He was only slightly surprised when the telephone rang late that afternoon, to find the President of the Earth Confederation on the other end. At any rate, he tried to act that way.

"These beings," the President explained, "have expressed a strong desire to learn of our culture, our science, and most of all," he added, "our religion. They want to know what our beliefs are, who we worship, our morals, the whole bit. Interested?"

"I would consider it a great privilege to introduce them to salvation." "By the



way," Shekly inquired, "have they said anything about their religious beliefs yet?"

"Not a word. They're waiting until the meeting. Maybe they already know what you're going to tell them. The good Lord works in many ways," the President recounted.

"The Whitehouse then, 9:00 tomorrow morning."

"I'll be there," closed Shekly.

Shekly paced the floor of his study until late that night, trying to outline how he would present the vast story of religion. Perhaps, the thought occurred to him, he could have them saved this week. He could almost see the headlines extolling Bishop, no...Prime Bishop Shekly, but they were too vague.

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The President greeted him cordially and introduced various assistants to him. They talked briefly before he brought out the aliens. The two visitors were wearing a slightly familiar looking type of breathing apparatus. Apparently he looked a bit shocked when he saw them, for an aid whispered in his left ear, "Air supply, different atmosphere you know."

Shekly had to admit that their equipment was much less disconcerting than their appearance. The two aliens were in some ways humanoid, but had instead of a conventional nose, a type of semi-permeable membrane in the center of their head. The fact that they had three eyes Shekly found somewhat disgusting. He found himself hard put to remind himself that these too were children of God.

Following brief introductions which made him feel a bit uneasy, the aliens expressed their desire that the story begin, for they were anxious to see what had grown up on this planet. The term "grown up" left Shekly somewhat annoyed, but he decided to ignore it and began the long story of this religion. He had gotten through the creation, the great flood, Moses, a few specific stories which he

personally liked, and finished the prophecies before an alien ventured a question. "These were," he asked, "primitive beliefs then, that is, before the introduction of modern science and logic?"

That remark flatly angered Shekly, but he managed to control his feelings as he answered. "When the Lord directed men during these times, he was a simpler, younger man. We have had an opportunity to learn much since then; but to answer to your question, man, although less advanced scientifically, was as rich in wisdom and logic."

The aliens murmured to each other momentarily, seemed to disagree, and then asked that he continue, which Shekly was glad to do.

They listened in silence through the birth, growth and teaching of Christ, and seemed to become intently interested in the concept of salvation, forgiveness of sins, and immortality, as set down in the Bible. He progressed past the early church, the rise of Catholicism, protestant reform, modern religion, and the present religion oriented government of the world which enabled man at last to keep peace by adhering to the truth. By mid-afternoon Shekly was finished, and he felt he had done an exceptional job, considering the circumstances. At last the aliens asked if they might retire from the talk and discuss the matter more the next morning. Scientists and the news media of the planet, they explained, were anxious to talk to them, and they didn't want to leave anyone out.

Ignoring a slight headache the next morning, he arrived for the second day of the meeting. Undoubtedly, he told himself, today would be a day of question and answer, for obviously the aliens could not assimilate and understand all they had been told.

Shekly was severely surprised and a bit hurt when the aliens announced that today it would be their turn to talk. Their

story unfolded over a matter of hours, but the facts were short and simple. The truth was, the aliens explained that Earthmen weren't even close to religious truth. For 2500 years they had been following an invalid school of belief. They understood, the aliens, that it hurt to find this out, but they wanted the Earthmen to know it was not a unique problem of this planet. The truth, it turned out, was quite different. Earth had been created by the combined efforts of two complimentary Gods. For the record, this particular star system had been activated eight billion, four million and sixty-four thousand years earlier. The two Gods worked together, one managing new creations and the realm of the living and the other directing entry of mortals into eternity and assimilation into the new life.

This brought them to the reason for their journey. They were acting as emissaries for their God (of the living). They called this God, ReeLahe, and the other deity, Zantell; but they admitted the names were a minor point. They had journeyed here as directed by ReeLahe. ReeLahe planned to personally visit Earth soon, to inspect it, and get to know his people. The aliens noted that it had been 3500 years since the last visit had been made for the purpose of checking out progress. ReeLahe liked to let his creations develop naturally, he explained, until they reached a point of scientific and technical knowledge which he found acceptable to reason with. Mankind had according to their latest observations, reached this point. ReeLahe was now ready to meet his people and set up communications with them.

By the time the aliens were finished, the meeting was in an uproar. The aliens were accused of slander, lying, heresy and several other equally notorious things. The aliens remained cool, seemed unconcerned and even bored with the accusations. This made the Earthmen even angrier.

Shekly thought of it as a particularly worthy challenge for conversion, although he shared some anger with the others about the attitude of the aliens.

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The worst part of the alien's story however, was yet to come. As a God they explained, ReeLahe had the right to ask and receive certain things from his people. Among these was obedience to what the aliens immediately assured them would be reasonable directives, a five per cent offering of various products for others less fortunate, and universal acknowledgement of his power.

The aliens left for their quarters a moment before the delegates rushed them.

The question, the President announced calmly to the delegates, is not of the authenticity of their beliefs, as the aliens' story of two divinities was decidedly ridiculous, but rather how the challenge of an invasion by this being the aliens described should best be met. "That is," he added hastily, "assuming their story held the truth in that someone or something does plan in the immediate future to try and dominate, to conquer our planet."

The President turned his attention to Shekly, who had been appointed chief religious consultant on the matter. "Do you have any news Mr. Shekly?"

"They seriously believe that this ReeLahe is a true God, and that he plans to visit us. There was one more thing.... They informed me that as prophets of his coming they were given certain ah..." Shekly groped for the proper word... "privileges, which enable them to perform miracles to help convince us. I was shown a couple of these so-called miracles."

"Yes?" the President asked anxiously.

"They had me kill a small animal, which they brought back to life, with no visible aids. I had removed the animal's heart." Pausing, he finally continued, "That didn't seem to bother either the



aliens' little show, or the rat. It is quite healthy and has grown a new heart.

"Hmmm...very interesting," said someone in the back of the room. "I'd like to know that trick myself. I'll bet it would help my surgery practice considerably," he laughed.

The President spoke again. "Impressive perhaps, although not particularly, and certainly no proof of a miracle."

"They have something else planned for this afternoon," added Shekly. As a sign, they say they will have Mt. Vesuvius erupt at 3:30 Greenwich time."

As it happened, scientist flocked to Mt. Vesuvius, while the local economy enjoyed a large if brief boost; and Mt. Vesuvius, apparently ignorant of the stated improbability of the situation, erupted noisily at precisely 3:30.

Then scientists, after seeing the aliens walking across the English Channel, feeding a crowd of five thousand people with one loaf of bread, and making the Sierra Madre fault disappear, continued to ascribe them to natural and explainable causes.

The news of the approaching God and the miracles was met by the general public with an attitude of disbelief and vague contempt. Regardless of the events, people continued to try and ignore them; and emphatically laughed at the notion that the aliens might not be lying after all. To protect them from an angry minority, the aliens had to be kept under guard.

The aliens too, it was learned, had emotions. After twelve days, and the performance of nine major miracles and eight minor ones, they had sunk into a feeling first defined as utter frustration. As they explained to the press, "These are clearly and undeniably miracles, sponsored by the supreme being. It is impossible to dismiss this truth." The scientists didn't help the matter when they suggested to one alien that he submit himself for psychiatric help. "You don't understand,

he explained, "It is not us who need help, it is you. Why do you cling to your ancient superstitious religion? You need only to look at the past 3500 years to see what it has really done. How can you deny that the true God is with us? The old ways die hard, we know, but the truth will win out. Do not intentionally blind yourself to what we do, for it is the true God we represent."

The clergy had given up trying to convert the aliens, but continued to condemn them and attempted to expose them as frauds. The aliens once answered, after hearing of the parting of the seas. "If these were truly done, then where is your God now? Why in the face of such a challenge of mockery, as this would be, does he not defend himself? Is it that he does not care, or is he impotent? Would a God permit such blasphemy as this?" In the resultant reply, four clergymen were hospitalized and the aliens were advised to discontinue their argument.

Meanwhile, Bishop Shekly had been promoted by special order of the President, to Religio-Assistant to the President. Shekly seemed to thrive in the position, and soon took on an air of authority and confidence which pleased both the President and the public. It was good at this time to see a man so sure of his belief; for the aliens, who had decided to remain on Earth, announced the date was drawing near when their God would arrive. In the succeeding days Shekly could often be seen praying fervently in the capitol chapel while thousands of hushed onlookers were awed by his courage. Shekly stated that "the day," as the alien H hour was being popularly called, "would come and go, and the Lord would continue to continue."

By the day before the announced hour, the Earth had settled into a quiet wait, while people prayed, cursed, scratched their heads and watched the clocks. The scientists, still busy trying to explain the

claimed miracles, announced that they were beginning to get answers and would soon have the mysteries solved. The President having long since prepared the military forces, assured the world it need not fear, that the mighty aerospace corps would blow out of the sky anything unfriendly, be it 'God' or not. The aliens remained rational and beseeching people to look at the facts and accept the real God when he arrived.

Assistant Shekly, it should be noted, had not been deaf or blind to the transpiring events. He found the show of miracles entertaining and wonderful, but refused to believe that the aliens carried the truth. "After all," he explained, "We know we have all talked with our God. How could anyone deny the existence of someone we have talked with for thousands of years?" It was obvious that only a very desperate people would do such a thing, and no one was about to even hint at that.

"The day," long awaited, arrived at last. The President, Shekly and top military advisors were together, awaiting the arrival of the alien 'deity'. For ten hours there was absolutely not a sign of anything unusual, and the radar tracked as far out as Jupiter's orbit. Fourteen hundred ships scanned the outermost reaches of the system. Nothing.

At precisely 10:00, it appeared, from nowhere.

It was a huge apparition hanging several hundred miles overhead. It was admittedly an awe inspiring spectacle. A huge bearded being loomed down at them, looking over the planet with obvious interest. It spoke.

"My people, I am ReeLahe, your creator and true God, and I return to you now to be with you and guide you forever more. You are a great people. I shall eternally protect you and direct you now. The just shall be rewarded and the foul punished. Praise ye the Lord."

Shekly gazed intently at the image overhead. Then, a terrifying realization hit him. The real reason behind these actions. The possibility that this was a real God would not have stopped this action. It was in fact, the real reason why it was being resisted. The colossus overhead would be a God which would direct and guide mankind. This faithful God never got in the way, never cramped man's style. If there was to be religion, Shekly realized, let it be directed by man, not God; and this he knew now, was precisely the way man liked it. It was true that his God had little real communication with man, but he was an effective moral instrument and a great panacea.

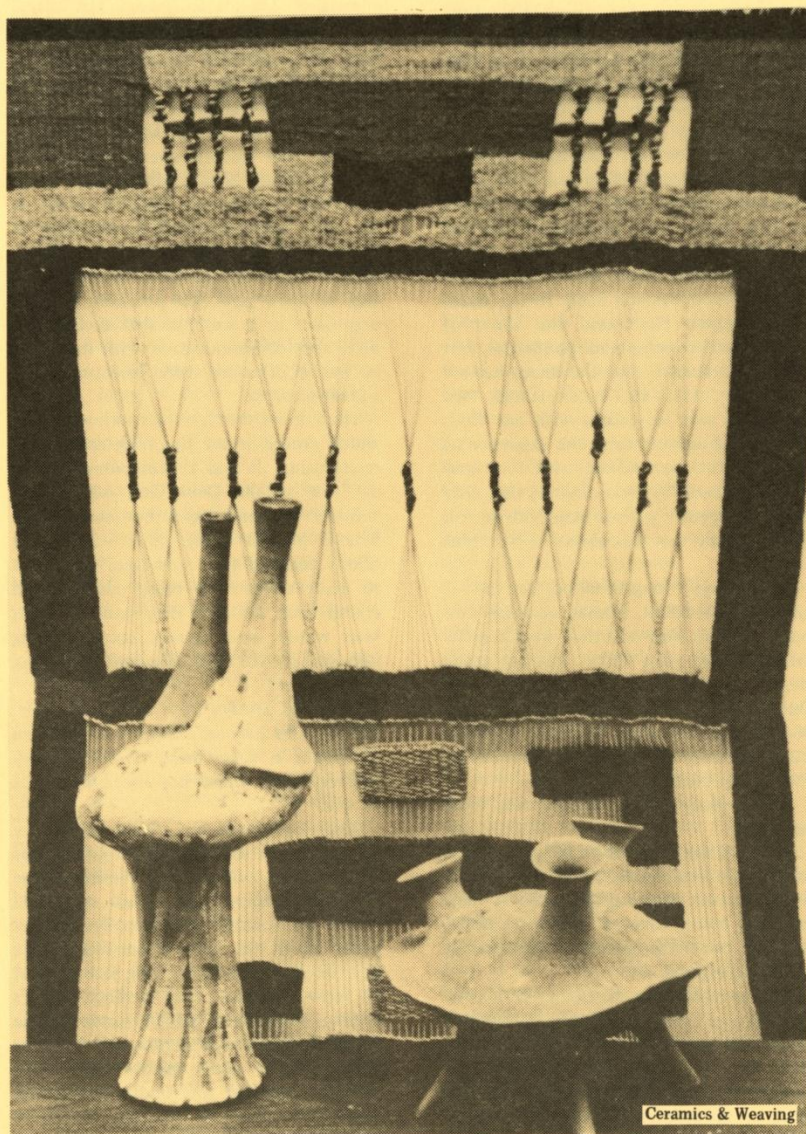
Here now above him was an intelligence which would upset this long and happy relationship. It was a being which would act not as the Deist God which man actually had and liked, but as the God which the old books described. Shekly grimly realized that men were not about to make room for a being which would cramp their style, if they could help it. Man would never accept another being imposing its will upon mankind, regardless of its nature.

Man had always been his own master, he-would be his own master, into oblivion or utopia. A super master would destroy the very spirit which had made man what he was.

And Shekly was jarred back into reality by a cry from someone in his group. The military man looked at the President. The President dropped his mouth open and stared at Shekly. Momentarily, Shekly gazed up at the specter hanging in the sky. He considered for a long second what he now realized, had perhaps always known somewhere inside himself. The President still stared at him, and he knew what must be done. Shekly opened his mouth, hesitated just one moment and spoke.

"Fire at the thing, Goddammit!"





#### REALIZATION

I can see you, wizened little man,  
 In my mind's eye.  
 Oh, so skinny—no time to eat and enjoy life  
 Relentless—driving—pushing  
 You're always there—won't you ever go away?  
 Yes, that is right—  
 One day you will, won't you?  
 A part of me I dislike,  
 But a part of me  
 Your face, it has a strained expression  
 A worried look  
 But then that is what you are, isn't it?

*Kathy Clifton*

In the alley  
 the beggars come and cry and clutch for shadows  
 I am among them—  
   sometimes walking  
   sometimes running  
   often stumbling in defeat  
   and clinging to the cool, brown earth.  
 Unable to rise — I lie there  
   screaming with weariness  
   as I see another's shadow fading into light  
   and watch as he too falls  
   upon the heap  
   of human beggars.

On the darkened street  
   I hear others laughing in their darkness  
   and I spit my tears at them  
 but know that they too will be coming

to the alley  
 in search of shadows.

*Louise Smith*



Remember old man  
the golden thread  
spun with absurd reality  
...the rise and fall  
of sweaty suns  
upon your back  
and floating nights  
filled with silken silences...  
grasp a gain exploding grassfields  
and feel the vault-like roundness  
of the sky.

*Patricia Osborne*





I remember my younger days  
 and older poems  
 looking back now  
 just this side of true youth  
 where responsibility was a classroom subject,  
 and love was just a kid's game  
 not to be taken seriously  
 drinking nothing more  
 than an experiment  
 in the great equation of life  
 I'm learning the power of  
 my voice and my words now  
 sometimes in the night  
 scare me  
 the reality I face  
 everyday  
 existing-without meaning  
 I hastily scribble  
 words and phrases  
 to keep out  
 the horror of dying  
 with no epitaph  
 maybe these words  
 will serve  
 although I doubt it  
 beauty dispels most fear  
 but what of the night?  
 when one looks at life  
 darkly through a wine bottle  
 seeing distorted images  
 of all that I am told  
 is real and true  
 maybe  
 death is final truth  
 life just the  
 near seeming eternal quest  
 in search of  
 dancing in polyrhythmic  
 movements  
 two by two  
 in the playground  
 maybe- though not knowing  
 celebrating the  
 weird real  
 sad sabbath holiday  
 of death  
 walking tormented  
 through the valleys & fields  
 in search of a place  
 where I  
 can be at peace with myself  
 and so can everyone else  
 till wandering neverending

in a schizophrenic world  
 my mind boggled  
 by even the thought  
 of such earth shaking things  
 desolate and discontent  
 going around  
 kind of lost  
 not able (because of my mind)  
 so at odds with everything  
 in a confused turmoil  
 patchwork quilt  
 un-understandable  
 for such a weird person  
 as a poet  
 wanting to be  
 somewhere  
 where dogs don't  
 have to eat each other  
 nor my brother slay me  
 on a sacrificial rock altar  
 primitive and holy  
 though it may be  
 I don't want to be rich or famous  
 Brother  
 I want to be happy  
 not possible  
 how can I although no longer  
 a child  
 get such silly thoughts out  
 of my head forever  
 & be normal  
 not worrying about nothing  
 or caring about anything  
 to let my life just go on  
 and eventually end  
 in a quiet oblivion  
 to give up my  
 wild thoughts  
 of beauty  
 simple and pure  
 to stop thinking  
 of the sunshine dawn  
 & smiling  
 at it's quiet beauty  
 to never again look  
 at the wild ocean waves  
 & be awed by its fury  
 to forget looking  
 in my young lover's eyes  
 saying I love you eternally  
 to leave my soul  
 where it lies  
 never taxing it with the pain

of something-anything  
 greater than myself  
 or let music  
 make me think of God

hearing the delicate sound of raindrops on a window  
 a grey cloudy day made for remembering  
 youth among other things  
 where will everyone be after the rain?  
 the tight closed patterns of a four-walled life  
 enclosing me  
 but One Day  
 I will go once again  
 into the world  
 looking & listening  
 wandering aimlessly  
 now the folk music  
 plays soft in the barracks  
 only me awake  
 to listen to the pretty sound  
 of poetic music  
 no longer drowned out  
 by sounds of people  
 aimlessly living & existing  
 preforming the everyday  
 movements of life  
 the end of the day  
 ends quietly here  
 as I guess everywhere else  
 why is everything ending  
 so quietly?  
 as even I end my day  
 in an almost silent room  
 among sleeping bodies  
 senseless & happy with  
 unreal dreams  
 of what their lives  
 should be like  
 but then again  
 who can really say  
 dreams aren't real  
 why only lovers and poets  
 like the night & its silence  
 and do not have to avoid it with sleep  
 the great Euphoric nonexistence  
 which even I a poet  
 will soon slip into

*Ed Sikorski*





Sometimes,  
I am scared  
By the narrow  
Path of my mind,  
But I am frightened  
Even more  
At the sight  
Of the distortion  
That is too often there.

*Ned Jennings*

#### A DRAGON IS DEAD ON HIGH STREET

Grime-crustured warehouses slump dismally  
Along streets paved with uneven cobblestones  
And rain-soaked newspapers.  
Ancient and once respectable Victorian homes,  
Resplendent in rotting gables and peeling paint,  
Huddle together as if for warmth  
Over cramped over-grown lawns.  
And up the scuffed marble stairways,  
By mahogany banisters and empty picture frames,  
The old men climb.  
Climb to dismal dirty little rooms  
With broken furniture  
Lit by naked lightbulbs.  
There they sit and drink their cold soup  
while small black boxes make grey images  
And the years slowly break their backs.

*Thomas E. Fuller*





I dreamed I'd die.  
 -Didn't believe-  
 A car was to be my death trap  
 Caught within metal horror  
 My body and mind shattered  
 And the fragments to be gathered  
     like fallen ripe apples after the Storm.

An almost event,  
 A foreshadowing till I believed.

I believe  
 The double tragedy  
 Knowing of time's  
 Soon ending breath;  
 And I almost know love  
 The foreverness feeling  
 Of your warmth  
 The blue of love eyes  
 The softness of love's lips  
 The tender surrounding touch.  
 My heart beats to your smile...  
 But mind's above muscle

For I dreamed I'd die  
 Now I believe.  
 Fate led Oedipus from birth to death.  
 Horror lies in knowledgeable predestination.  
 Poe would be impressed...  
 but he had his own hell

*Vera Boulton*

Nowadays when a shadow-i  
 Passes over the land  
 Floating down all we find  
 Is lint.

*Vera Boulton*

Animus, ideal man,  
 Living in a young girl's dream,  
 One day slain within her heart  
 By the arrows of a living man.  
 He is stronger though imperfect,  
 For, though blemished, he is flesh,  
 While you remain a shadow  
 Within the twilight of the mind.  
 But, Animus, you surpass this mortal  
 For you will always live  
 Within the hearts of maidens.  
 You, Animus, will never die.

*Marthalee Atkinson*

To see my golden-eyed black cat  
 Upon my open Bible crouched,  
 Caused me to think: The world's like that  
 For it has changed so little since  
 Our pagan fears and fancies sat  
 Above all Christianity.

*Marthalee Atkinson*





#### THE HYPOCRITE

Smug little hypocrite, sitting in church,  
 Happy you're you and not some poor sinner.  
 You've seen the light, God rejoices in you.  
 You wouldn't smoke or dance or touch the devil's cup;  
 Those things are evil abominations, tokens of the world.  
 Instead, you'll just sit there, condemning your brothers,  
 Shaking your head because they're going to hell.  
 Thou shalt not kill, so, of course, you wouldn't do it.  
 You just kill characters with your own choice of weapons—  
 A lifted brow, an intonation, a smirk of a smile.  
 Thou shalt not steal, no you would never do that.  
 You only steal trifles like trust and happiness  
 No other gods before you?  
 None but your place among 'the chosen people'.  
 Don't worry, Brother, God won't forget you.  
 Like the Bible has told you, you shall have your reward.

*Marthalee Atkinson*



In the evening I've seen  
 you weeping,  
 crying over Gilead,  
 While Babylon, so close  
 Burns uncontrollably.

We talk of Lenin in  
 the small cafes  
 and deal in smoke and ash  
 in hopes of better things.  
 Until a time when history,  
 burning red against the sky,  
 makes us realize  
 the necessity of the flames

How often do we talk in mirrors,  
 the coffee cups and sugar bowls  
 a daft illusion to be played  
 to its logical conclusion—when over,  
 we stand and stumble back to bed  
 to dream of carrying ammunition  
 to the Partisans at the Front.

*Miles Stryker*



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